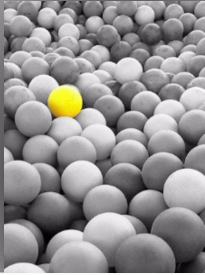




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The Diary of Someone Who Doesn't Belong



futuristic

doesntbelong

152 2 11

Chapter 1 by Ava Chase

March 27, 2016

Today. Today is the day I will begin again, rising from the ashes and into the world.

March 27, 2030

14 years. 14 years and still no one suspects a thing. Everyday it is the same thing. Everyday I wake up. Everyday I act like I am supposed to. Is this all my existence is? Everyday, the same thing? I am not normal. I can not take this much longer. I am perfect. I have many friends. Everybody likes me. But I do not belong here. I will not have to wait much longer. Only 2 more years. Then I can complete my mission.

March 27, 2032

It is time. I know what I need to do.

"Hey, wait up, Jake."

Oh no. It is... I think her name is Jessica. One of many who are desperate for me.

"I need to talk to you."

Most likely to see if I return her feelings. I am sure to turn her down gently so my image is preserved.

"What is it?" I ask her.

"I know what you are."

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Wait.
What?

Chapter 2 by PuppyLover



May 13, 2033

It's been a sad day I will write this chapter as if you were there recording whatever I said.

It was a nice day... so far. I had an A on my math test, and my grades were doing well with my college makeup classes. It was 3:30pm and I got a phone call from my boyfriend. The call sounded like this.

"Lydia." Chase said from the phone.

"Hey Chase!" I smiled unknowingly

"Hey, babe... Um..." Chase gulped.

"What Chase?" I began to get worried.

"I... I... I don't think our hanging out is going to do anything with us. So Lydia-"

"No Chase! No!"

"I have to break up with you." Chase sighed

"No!! Why! Why don't you love me?" I cry out- but Chase doesn't hear me... because he already had hung up on the other line.

So I shut off my end of the line also.

Chapter 3 by Harriet Jones, MP, Flydale North



March 26, 2016

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This is the last diary entry I will write as a mortal. Tomorrow, I will be reborn and rise from the ashes of my former self.

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The doctors told me months ago that there was no hope, that my time was coming soon. Cancer, of course. And at such a young age, too; who expects to die of terminal brain cancer at 26?

My family has made all of the preparations for my funeral--little do they know that there won't be one. At least, not the one they planned for, because there won't be a body to bury.

You see, on the same day the doctors told me that I would die within the year, I was stopped outside of the hospital by a woman wearing layers of drapey clothes, a large hat, sunglasses, and long hair. She explained that she knew about my predicament but had a solution. However, the only way to find out about it was to meet her at the picnic tables at the city park after dark.

Long story short, she was a member of The Society, a group of immortals who can change their appearances at will, travel through time, and change the course of history. If it sounds a little Doctor Whoish (other than the changing appearances at will part and going to different worlds part), that's because the creator of the series *is* a member of The Society (and yes, I mean is--he is now a she and living in Kentucky, awaiting the day she can stop a woman from going crazy and killing her three children).

All of those missing children and adults you see on the walls of Walmart or hear about on the news? About 70% of them are members of The Society as well. They are everywhere, protecting us from many of the things that could knock our world off-kilter.

But so many bad things have still happened, you say. I have been told the reason why some tragedies are allowed to take place. But I shall save that explanation for another day.

The woman, whose name I later learned was Kara, said that I could live forever, but I would never see my family and friends again--at least, not as my mortal self--and would have to dedicate my life to saving the world, one crisis at a time.

At that point, I knew I would lose my loved ones either way, and living to save the world, and even my family in roundabout ways, sounded like a better use of my time than being dead. So I agreed to the terms.

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What will my life hold starting tomorrow? Who will I become? Who will I save?

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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